

11601.2-50
TO THE

Truly Accomplisht Gentleman,
Mr. RICHARD MANGIE,
All Health and Happiness.

S I R,

I Having had a long Experience of your Noble and Heroick Qualities, and knowing the affection you bear to good and ingenious Wits, I made bold to elect you for to Patronize these my rude and undigested Lines; though I do confess they are none of mine own; for I gathered them out of the hands of the youthful and sprightful Youngsters of these times: And knowing none more capable of a Luster to so feeble a work, though willingly done for the pleasure of such as are affected with such Drolleries. Therefore dear Sir, be pleased to accept them as a part of my cordial affections, and let them be Honoured by so worthy a Patron, and I shall take it as one of the highest Favours that can befall the true admirer of your Vertues, and high Accomplishments; And shall subscribe my self,

S I R,

Your Faithful Servant,

R. S.



The Names of the SONGS
and Sonnets contained in this
B O O K.

THe Impatient Lover.
The Victorious Lover.
The faint-hearted Lover.
The Unhappy Lover.
The Faithful Lover.
The Jovial Pedler.
The new So-ho.
Lives Misery.
Fine Folly.
The answer to Fine Folly.
Loves Conceit.
The Wanton Lover.
Law lies a bleeding.
The Noble Prodigal.
Honours a Witch.
The happy Prisoners.
The bottomless Bow.
The great Hog.
The cleanly Slut.

The Names of the Songs.

	The true Lover.	21
	The Answer to it.	22
	The bonny Scot.	23
	The power of Gold.	24
	Beauties Queen.	25
	Set forty thousand on a row.	26
	A perswasion to love and enjoy.	27
	A loving Jigg.	28
	Daffadil.	29
	The Shepherds Answer.	30
	The Lady and the Faulkner.	
	The constant Lover.	
	The coy Lover.	33
1	A merry Catch.	34
2	A Jovial Health.	35
	The distressed Lover.	36
4	The neglected Lover.	37
5	The praise of a Coney.	38
6	The cunning Mountebank.	39
7	I must confess I am in love.	40
8	Bonny sweet Betty.	41
9	Tom Tinker.	42
10	The Jovial couple.	43
11	The good Wife of Stroud.	44
12	The House Cock.	45
13	The Careless Lover.	46
14	A careless Health.	47
15	The Amorous Lover.	48
16	The Female Conquerour.	49
17	Come off from my Mother Sirra.	50



The Names of the SONGS
and Sonnets contained in this
B O O K.

THe Impatient Lover.
The Victorious Lover.
The faint-hearted Lover.
The Unhappy Lover.
The Faithful Lover.
The Jovial Pedler.
The new So-ho.
Lives Misery.
Fine Folly.
The answer to Fine Folly.
Loves Conceit.
The Wanton Lover.
Law lies a bleeding.
The Noble Prodigal.
Honours a Witch.
The happy Prisoners.
The bottomless Bow.
The great Hog.
The cleanly Slut.

The Names of the Songs.

	The true Lover.	21
	The Answer to it.	22
	The bonny Scot.	23
	The power of Gold.	24
	Beanties Queen.	25
	Set forty thousand on a row.	26
S	A perswasion to love and enjoy.	27
	A loving Jigg.	28
	Daffadil.	29
	The Shepherds Answer.	30
	The Lady and the Faulkner.	
	The constant Lover.	
	The coy Lover.	33
1	A merry Catch.	34
2	A Jovial Health.	35
	The distressed Lover.	36
4	The neglected Lover.	37
5	The praise of a Coney.	38
6	The cunning Mountebank.	39
7	I must confess I am in love.	40
8	Bonny sweet Betty.	41
9	Tom Tinker.	42
10	The Jovial couple.	43
11	The good Wife of Stroud.	44
12	The House Gock.	45
13	The Careless Lover.	46
14	A careless Health.	47
15	The Amorous Lover.	48
16	The Female Conquerour.	49
17	Come off from my Mother Sirra.	50

The Names of the Songs.

The English-mans Freedom.	51
The Topper.	52
A Song.	53
A Dream, with the Answer.	54
Narcissus, or the Ladies Delight.	55
The praise of Wine.	56
The pensive Prisoner.	57
Love Conquered.	58
Half Mild, half Stale.	59
The jovial Pedler.	60
The Glory of the Nations, or the Kings Progress	
<i>London.</i>	61
The Huntsman, or the hunting of the Hare.	62





A

Jovial Garland.

O R,

Variety of Songs, full of Mirth and Pleasure,
For Young-Men and Maids to read at their leisure,

SONG I.

YOU that are happy in your Loves,
and daily taste those blisses,
which flow from the Kisses
of your sweeter Doves:
Now whilst you sit a billing,
and on beauty feed,
all your desires fulfilling,
Celia hath decreed
That my poor heart must bleed.

Yet I have ever been as true
and would be, if a witch
could obtain a beauty,
more beloved then you.
But merit's out of season,
since a Womans heart
Was never rul'd by reason,
or won by desert,
It's fortune guides the Dart.

A 4

Then

A Jovial Garland.

Then with thee Distraits let's enjoy,
these pleasures are not lasting,
but are still a wasting,
while you seem so coy:
And if you scorn affection
in your prime of years,
You shall gain rejection
where desire appears,
Thou'g begging lo't with tears.

I hate Platonicke Fools, that spend
their words for idle kisses,
perceive them blisses,
without further end;
And yet still they sit protesting,
of their cold desires,
When we will be rehearsing
what our warmer fires
Of twinkling love inspires.

Wald time will quickly overtake,
and black our kind embraces,
when our ayes' fates,
beauty doth forsake:
Then time we see you cowering,
with death's pale face
Let's lose no time in cowering,
but our spoils to embrace.

S O N E II.

Wit is a heart's tip, though our eyes
are able to subdue an host,
and therefore are more like to boast:
The taking of a little piece,
not a single heart despise.

A Jovial Garland.

I came alone, but yet so arm'd,
with former love, I durst have sworn,
that when the Purple Coat was worn,
With Characters of beauty charm'd,
Thereby I might scape unarm'd.

But neither steel nor stony breast,
are proof against those looks of thine,
nor can a beauty so divine,
By any one be long possess'd,
Where none but I have interest.

Thy conquest in regard of me,
alas 'tis small, but in respect
of her that doth my heart protect,
Where it overcome, deserve to be
Recorded for a Victory.

But yet perhaps there's some that know
thy lovely face before, will say,
though thou hast stoln my heart away;
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

S O N G III.

YOu beauteous Ladies, though your eyes
are able to sub due my heart,
yet will I never from it part;
Nor yield it up to be your prize,
I ever henceforth will be wise.

Suppose that I should yield my heart,
to be made Prisoner unto you,
until with rief I rent in two,
You would not let it from you part,
That's all I get for my desert.

Expe.

A Jovial Garland.

Experience should teach us to know,
what we should doe ere we begin,
for if we once be gotten in,
To lobes hot Embers, then with woe,
We wish we had never done so.

SONG IV.

I Love a bonny Lass, but dare not show it,
I keep a fire that burns within,
Wapt up in lobes embers oh that she knew it,
I then perhaps might be loved again :
For a true Lover may justly call,
Forc'd Friendships love Reciprocal.

Some gentle courteous wind conveiy me
a sigh, by whispering in her ear,
Or may some piteous storm befriend me,
by dropping on my breast a tear :
For oftentimes the hardest flint,
By many Drops receives a Dint.

But why do I vex my heart and rent it,
that is already too too weak :
Oh no, they say that lovers may send it,;
by writing what they dare not speak.
Go then my Quill, and with my verse,
Bring back my Love, or else my Heart.

SONG V.

What heart so hard, but needs must pittie
me that am so deep in love ;
That but hears my woful dirge,
how unhappie I do prove :
All my time in Love I spend,
And brings nothing to an end.

When

A Jovial Garland.

When I sue to her for favour,
She most flatly me denies;
She bids me rest, and spare my labour,
nothing she regards my crys:
Do my best it is in vain,
The more I sue, the more's my pain.

Oh you Gods above instruct me,
what to do in this distress,
And into the way conduat me,
to attain my happiness:
Else I languish in despair.
For every day augments my care.

Once again I'll go unto her,
perhaps her mind is changed since;
Cupid teach me how to wooe her,
guide my tongue with Eloquence:
Want of speech my woes do breed.
And therefore help me in my need.

SONG VI.

Come and buy my Ware sweet Ladies,
for 'tis cheap and wondrous good;
I have a Whistle that surpasses
all your Whistles made of Wood:
For my Whistle's made of Silver,
with two pretty Silver Wells;
There's some Whistles cometh of Miller,
but my Whistle sweeterly knells.

And you know a Silver Whistle
hath a fine Red Coral Snout;
And if with mine you please to juggle,
you may suck vertue from the Root.

A Jovial Garland.

It will cure you of your aking,
when you thurst it in your Lips,
And when as the Leils are shaking;
oh you'l dance with Frigs and Ships,

I doubt not but you have the Moral,
for the sence is plain enough,
And the vertue of my Coyal,
which affords such precious stuff:
It will rouse the Dull to quickness,
and of all the Cures this be,
It is the best for the Great Sickness,
therefore Dairs come buy of me.

SONG VII.

I D truth Sweet-heart, if you'l but Love me,
none shall prove so true to thee,
If thou wilt let me lie above thee,
then we two shall soon make three:
I'll embrace thee, oh so sweetly,
That thou wilt say that I did thee neatly.
Then do not put me off with dallies,
lest thou with thy self accurst:
For at thy Boire I'll make such Gallies,
that thou shalt yield, or come to the worst,
Oh receive my vigour, or else I burst.

You pulling wenches with the Green-sickness,
can have no such cure as this,
Although it makes you swell in thicknes,
you must come to: by this Kiss:
I'll cure you to the lowest Center,
Unless you let me Knock at a Wenter;
Ah, ah how my lanes tickles,
to conceive to great a bliss:

Thy

A Jovial Garland.

Thy honny Bush must have more pickles;
none so sweet a life as this:

Then a'bat thee where thy pleasure is.

It is not one bout shall excuse thee,

for by this hand I will have more,

And do not think for to abuse me,

lest I make it up half a score;

Though my May do seem to tire,

Yet he never fail'd his truite & fire:

Many journey hath he travel'd,

and held out as well as this:

But I must confess he hath been gravel'd,

yet he's ne'r the worse then sweet come Kils,

For my expectation answer'd this.

Now fare thee well until to morrow,

and then recruited I shall be;

Let not my absence breed thy sorrow,

unless in the night thou dream'st of me.

Such fancies oftentimes do trouble,

And cause expence to be double:

Hang'r, at the best it is but nature,

never hoard it, but be free:

For thou art a Lais of Noble stature;

and the fitter to Club with me,

With one thing thou hast conquer'd thee.

This pleasure's such a Recreation,

where's a Satyr can live without it:

You must not find him in this Nation:

that can leave it, if once about it;

O! 'tis a tempting pleasure,

he that's at it is not at leisure,

Should he be a Monarch chosen.

A Jovial Garland.

to relinguish such a sport
his vitals sure must be frozen,
that forsakes a Girl to enjoy a Court;
'Tis a pretty pastime by report.

S O N G VIII.

Why sit you here so dull,
you lively Lads that love ?
The pleasures of the Plains,
and sport enchanting Jove;
My merry Muse brinks other Fews,
and times invites to go ;
Fill Nectars Cup, the Vase is up,
we come to sing, So-ho.

My Pipe is of the pure
Eain of Winter Corn,
By force of Cynthia's Lure,
transform'd into a Horn.
Arora's look hath changed my Crook,
into a bended Fow,
And Pan shall keep my patient Sheep,
while here we sing, So-ho.

Let us be like the Swains,
that onely undergoes
The pleasures of the Plains,
in place where Boreas blows,
And every night take our delight,
with our she-friend, and so
Both night and day we'l sport and play,
and merrily sing, So-ho.

A Jovial Garland.

SONG IX.

I Pray thee send me back my heart,
since I cannot have thine;
I pray thee, &c.
For since thou wilt not from it part,
why shouldst thou then have mine?
for since, &c.

But now I think on't let it lye,
to send it me 'twere in vain,
but now, &c.
For thou hast a thief in either eye,
will steal it back again,
for thou, &c.

Why should two hearts in one breast lye,
and yet not lodge together?
why should, &c.
O Love, what's the Antipathy,
that these our hearts do sever?
Oh Love, &c.

But Love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out:
but Love, &c.
For when I thought I had been most nigh,
then was I most in doubt.

SONG X.

Fine young folly, though you wear
Such rare beauty, yet I dare swear,
that you ne'r could reach my heart:
For we youngsters learn at School,

Only

A Jovial Garland.

Only with a Sex to fool,
you are not worth a serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my Arms, and wounding stand,
holding parley with your Eye;
I relating my desires,
I swear the Sun ne'r hot such fires;
all is but a handsome lye.

When I eye your Chastel or Late,
Gentle soul, you think your face,
straight a Murder doth commit;
And your Conscience doth begin,
To be scrupulous of that Sin,
when I Court to shew my wit.

Therefore Lady wear no Cloud,
Nor to check my flames grow proud;
for in sooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the Powder in your Hair;
Not your breath perfumes the Ayre;
'tis your Dye that sets you out.

S O N G XI.

Fine young folly though I be,
Yet you may your error see;
for you ne'r could reach my heart:
And although you learn at School,
You as soon your selves may fool,
for all your cunning art.

When you humbly kiss my hand,
And in your cunning posture stand,
holding parley with mine Eye,

A Jovial Garland.

In relating your desires,
You say the Sun ne'r shot such fires,
then you do both swear and lye.

Though you eye your Currel or Lacc,
Surely I never thought my face,
any murder can commit.
You can make me scarce begin
To be scrupulous of that sin,
for all your crafty wit.

Therefore henceforth I'll wear a Cloud,
And more and more I will be proud,
for to put you out of doubt,
And the powder in my hair,
Shall perfume your stinking Ayre,
since your wit has brought you too't.

S O N G XII.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading Rose;
For in your beauties Orient deep,
These flowers as in them cause sleep.

Ask me no more, whether doth stay
The Golden Autumn of the day?
For in pure love Heaven did prepare
Those Powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whether doth last
The Nightingale when May is past?
For in her sweet debiding throat,
She winters and keeps warm her note.

B

Ask

A Jovial Garland.

Ask me no more where those Stars light,
That doonright fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there,
Fixed as in their Hemisphere.

Ask me no more, if East or West,
The Phoenix builds her spiced Nest;
For unto you at length she flies,
And is your friend and some long time.

SONG XIII.

There is a thing that I desire,
yet can I not obtain it;
A thing that sets my heart on fire,
and yet I fain would gain it.

It is a thing that doth belong
unto a female creature,
And it is the object of my Song,
which makes my woes the greater.

Play is it not a mad conceit,
to long for such a matter,
That cannot hold as such a teat,
yet through it they make water.

Now may you know what thing it is,
that I so fain would play with,
And I'll have an object I'll not miss,
e're long to have a say with.

For Love will be wanton when it list,
and like a Child be handled;
Love will be cur'd and sweetly kiss,
and sometimes gently handled.

And

A Jovial Garland.

And I have a very pretty thing,
to give unto my Lady;
I mean a thing. I name nothing;
the merriest thing that may be.

S O N G XIV.

Lay by your pleading,
The Law lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Studies down,
And throw away your Reading.
Small power the World has,
And doth for us
Not half so many
Priviledges as the Sword does:
It makes our Masters,
It makes our Disasters,
It makes the Servants
Much greater then their Masters:
It enters, it enters,
It enters, it enters,
And sets a Prentice free
Of sight of his Indentures.

This takes up all things,
And sets up small things,
This makes Honeys,
Though Honeys makes all things:
It's not in season, to talk of Reason;
Or count it Loyalty,
When the Sword will have it Treason:
This conquers a Crown too,
The Clerk and the Cown too,
This sets up a Prebyter,
And this doth pull him down too:

A Jovial Garland.

This subtil Deceit^r,
Cut^t d Bonnet Into Weaver,
Down drops a Bishop,
And up steps a Weaver.

It's this makes the Lay-man,
To Preach and to Pray man,
And this made a Lord of him
which was before a Day-man:
For from this Dull-pit,
Of folkes fell-pit,
This brought a holy
Iron-monger to the Wulpit.
No Bell can guide it,
No Law can decide it,
No Church nor State can it debate,
Till the Sword hath landisf'd it:
Such pittifull things be
Happier then Kings be,
This brought in the Heraldry
Of Thimbleby and Slingsby.

Down goes the Law trix,
For from this Martr,
Sprung holy Hailon's power,
And rumbl'd down St. Patricks.
It battered the Can-kirk,
So did it the Dum-kirk,
That he is fled and gone
To the Devil in Dunkirk.
For Scotland this wagger
Dro wrook such disaster,
This brought the money back
For which they sold their Master:

This

A Jovial Garland.

This frighted the Flemming,
And made him so seeming,
That he doth never think
Of his lost Lands redeeming.

But he that can tower
Over him that is lower,
Would be counted but a fool
To give away his power.
Take Books and roste them,
Who would invent them?
When as the Sword replies,
Negatur Argumentur:
The Grand Colledge Butlers,
Must bail to the Butlers,
There's not a Library
Like to the Cutlers.
The blood that is spilt fir,
Hath gain'd all the guilt fir,
Thus have you seen me run
The Sword up to the Hilt, fir.

S O N G X V.

Let's call and drink the Celer fir,
There's nothing loher underneath the sky,
The greatest Kingdoms in confusion lie,
Since all the world grows mad, why may not I

On Fathers dead and I am free,
He lets no Children in this world but me,
The Devil drunk him down with Mery,
And he repine in licentious.

When first the English War began,
He was precisely a pollicia man,

That

A Jovial Garland.

That gain'd his Castle by Squestration,
till Oliver began
To come with sword in hand and put them to the
Then jovial Tods that are undone
So be the Father, come home to the Son,
Let our wine and musick now do waste upon,
he'll tipple up a Cup, (come on,
And drink your woe away, jolly hearts come on,
Here's a health to him that may
do a trick to advance you all,
Let us get a very jovial vagabond,
fill another Bowl to the
That drinks by Health his Landlords Health,
if his spirit and his tongue agree.
The Land shall celebrate his fame,
And all the world imbalm his name,
And every right good fellow
Will saute the same,
In the room shall dance and sing,
Play more then that, Ple tell ye,
When we see this Royal Spring,
We'll have a dance by the bell,
And a match at tother thing.
We's ow be merry and jolly,
quaff carouse and reel,
We's play with Peggy and Molly,
dance, and kile, and feel:
We's put up the Bag-pipes and Organ,
and make the Welch harper to play,
Till Mauns up Shon, as Morgan,
fish as on St. Tassies day.
The Wells to met all the King,

A Jovial Garland.

Hold up Jenny,
Piper come play us a Spring,
all you that have Musick in ye,
Tinkle, dance and sing.

SONG XVI.

Honour's a Witch, and beauty's a Witch,
the Devil take them both;
Fortune is blind, and Beauty's unkind,
there's neither faith nor truth,
there's hazard in hap,
deceit in a Lapp.

Is there's no fraud in a brimmer:
the truth in the bottom lies,
Thence to redeem her,
we'll sink the whole Nation by.

Let us maintain, our Traffique with Spain,
and both the Indies fight,
Give them their Wines, & we'll have their Wits:
and pardon Eighty Eight:
there's more certain wealth
scanted by health.

In one Pipe of Canary,
then in an unfortunate Ale;
Let us be wary,
we do not our selves beguile.

Honour's a toy, so, so is a decay,
let it with care and stay,
For no man can say, he shall have a day,
much less a Estimate year.
his freedom and health,
creates a new birth,

A Jovial Garland.

But Sack's the Aqua-vita,
that Vigor and Spirit gives,
Liquor Almighty,
whereby the poor mortals lives.

Pour ale and pour Beer, and such paulty geer,
breeds many a foul disease,
In Claret and White, though some do delight,
ye w^e will our palates please;
they are both too tart,
to strengthen the heart,
But Sack the Dient Pecar,
that makes the poor codled brain,
Valiant as Hector:
then fill us the Hoggin again,
And let us be blith, in spite of Deaths Siste,
and with a heart and a half,
Let's drink to our friends, and fear no ends,
but keep us sound and safe;
where Healths do go round,
no malice is found,
But the maw sick in the morning,
for want of his wonted train,
Gives us a warning
to double it over again.

S O N G XVI.

I happy's the prisoner that conquers his fate
In silence, & m^e on bad fortune complains,
And sweetly plays with the keys of the Gate,
And make a sweet consort with them and his
Chains,
He dictates care in Sack when his thoughts are
oppres;

And

A Jovial Garland.

And makes his heart float like a Cork in his
breast.

Then since we are all slaves that Islanders be,
And the Land a large Prison surrounded by Sea,
We'll drink up the Ocean, and set our selves free,
For Man is the Worlds Epitomy.

Let Tyrants wear purple deep dy'd in the blood
of those they have slain their Scepters to sway,
If your cloaths be your own, and our titles go
to the rags we have on, we'r better then they,
We drink down to night what we beg or can
borrow,
And sleep without Plotting for more the next
morrow.

Then sing, &c.

Come Drunker fill each man a peck of Canary,
this Liquor shall bid all sorrows good night,
When old Aristotle was frolic and merry,
The juice of the Wine made him turn staggerite;
Copernicus once in a drunken fit, found
by the course of his beains, that the World
did turn round.

Then since, &c.

It's Sack makes our faces like Comets to shine
gives beauty beyond a complexion Mask;
Diogenes fell so in love with his Wine,
that when 'twas all out he dwelt in the Cask:
And lik'd so the scent of the wainscoted Room,
that he dying, requested a Tub for his Tomb,
Then sing, &c.

A Jovial Garland.

Let the Murer watch over his Bags and his
Purse,
To keep that from theft he had Racht
from his debtors,
And may not cry thieves at the noise of a Mouse
As yet keep his bag fast lockt in their letters,
When once he grows rich enough for a
Grater Plot;
But when he plunders what these fore
cents got,
Then sing, &c.

Let him never so warily nuster his Gold,
His Angels will the intelligence be:
How long they be been prison'd in
their Canvas bags,
and with the States Shoulders to set
them all free.
Let him repine and be hang'd, we will
merrily sing,
We have nothing to loose, here's a health
to the King.

S O N G XVIII.

As I went out on a morning of May,
with a fa la la la lie,
I met with a bonny Lass proper and gay,
with a fa la la la lie,
Her beauty it was so fair and bright,
the glance of her eyes did dazle my sight,
which tickled me with hopes of delight,
with her fal, &c.

I courted her up with Language most sweet,
with my fal, &c. Desiring

A Jovial Garland.

Desiring that our two bodies might meet,
in her fal, &c.

I told her we had both time and place,
and that we might our selves loose,
I added likewise a most loving embrace,
with my fal, &c.

She prov'd very kind, and I was wondrous faine
with a fa, &c.

Saying, such a good cloak will keep me from rain
with a fa, &c.

Then to a bank we did repair,
to shoot at a mark that she shewed me faire,
But I will not tell you what we did there,
with our fal, &c.

The first shot as I shot it was too low,
at her fal, &c.

The second shot that I shot I was in the row,
of her fal, &c.

The third shot that I shot I hit the mark,
& the fourth shot that I shot lightned her heart,
It's pittie that such loving felends should part,
with a fa, &c.

The game being ended, I proffer'd to away,
with my fal, &c.

She catcht me by'th middle and bad me to stay,
with her fal, &c.

And askt me if that I would shoot any more,
and said I was detestful thus to give o're,
But I made an excuse that my fingers was sore,
with her fal, &c.

I promised upon my last embrace,
at her fal, &c.

Thae

A Jovial Garland.

That soon I would meet her again in that place
at her fall, &c.

But since that time I made a bow,
and mean to keep it for ought I know,
Never to shoot more in a bottomless bow,
with a fa la la la lallie.

S O N G X I X .

A Man of Scarborow Town,
did buy at Burton Fall,
A Hog that was so big,
you'd think it very rare.

For when as he sent his man,
I dare be bold to say,
He could not drive him home,
above twelve score a day.

The man that did him breed,
he could not it deny,
That half his Cro, and more,
was spent within his Stee.

He was of a lusty feight,
and had a goodly snout,
I measur'd it with a band,
it was two yaces about,

He was a Yard at least,
from the Eye unto the Ear,
Each Bristle on his back,
was pointed like a Spear.

He had a Ring on his Nose,
which was no more then fit;

And

A Jovial Garland.

And when it was straightned out,
it made a goodly Spitt.

Each tooth that was in his head,
was like a Hunters Horn,
The hole that was therein,
contain'd two pecks of Corn.

And one of his Clues they saved,
and hung it in a Range,
It held two bushels of Salt,
I tell you this is strange.

A tun of water each day,
his thirst it did suffice,
Relieve me well you may,
I am not brought up with lies.

Before the Butcher could
bereave him of his life,
He was forc'd to send his man
to fetch a longer Knife.

He bled such store of blood,
before that he lost his breath,
The Butcher stood up to the middle,
and had like to have gotten his death.

It ran about the house,
and covered all the ground,
The woman that held the Candle,
she fell down in a swoond.

To call the Neighbours in,
the man of the house was faine,

A Jovial Garland.

But e're that he got back,
the Butcher had him slain.

I saw his Quarters sold,
I dare be bold to say,
For sixty pound in Gold,
upon a Market-day.

An hundred Stone of Tallow,
was carried over in Boats;
The which was sold in Holland
to greaze the Flemmings throats.

His tail they up did hang,
as many a man can tell;
And it served for a String
wherewith to toll the bell.

All you that do this hear,
I wish you to take heed,
That no such Hog as this
within your Sides you feed.

He was bred of such a Sow,
as never man did see,
And if this tale be true,
you have no Lies of me.

S O N G X X .

IT was my chance to passe by,
where a sackful of Pudding hung to sell,
In truth it was at the Sign of the Pye,
and where a clean Slut doth dwell.

A Jovial Garland.

I entred in to spend an old Goat,
the house was clean, you know what I mean,
The Cat was loked in the Tubboord fast,
the Dog was licking the Dishes clean.

The Cow was tyed in the Chimneys end;
and she was fed as far as a Rake,
The Sheep was folded up in a Pen,
and for want of meate began to quake.

The Hens got into the Garden at noon,
the Bees got up and was ready to swarm;
The Threshers they fell fast asleep,
and then the Gecke got into the barn.

This put me into a mighty feight,
then I lookt in at the Parlor door,
The Sow had pigged in the bed at night,
I never saw such a sight before.

The good-wife she lay fast asleep,
snoring and farting like a great Sow,
Her daughter she suttledly did weep,
she was got with child and she knew not how.

The good man he lay under the Table,
and for to stand he was not able,
The Brewers Dog had bit him so sore,
that he could do nothing else but woe and roare.

All things in the house were basely broke;
and nothing in its right place was set;
and still so, think I was like to choke,
but the Devil a doo that I could get.

which

A Jovial Garland.

Which when I perceiv'd away came I,
both wearp and wet, and wondrous dry;
But if I live a hundred years longer,
Ile never come at the sign of the Pye.

SONG XXI.

I Love thee not, cause thou art fair,
Softer then Down, smother then ay:
Nor for those Cupids which do lye
In every corner of thy eye:
If thou wouldst know how this might be,
'Tis I love you, cause you love me.
I had rather marry a Disease,
Then court the thing I cannot please;
She that will cherish my desires,
Must cherish flames with equal fires,
What pleasure is there in a Kiss,
To him that doubts the heart is his?

The Answer.

Were I as fair as thou wouldst desire,
Or Art could raise my beauty higher,
Or had I various Lovers crafts,
To wound as sure as Cupids shafts,
I should spend them all to pleasure thee,
If thou wouldst do the like for me.
Diseases sooner are removed,
Then to contend where not beloved,
At least, I'll equal my desires,
Perhaps I may out-flame thy fires:
There's hidden pleasures in a Kiss,
To him that's sure the heart is his.

A Jovial Garland.

SONG XXII.

I An a bonny Scot, Sir,
my name is muckle John,
And I was in the Plot Sir,
when first the Wars began:
I left the Court in one thousand
six hundred fifty and one,
But since the flight at Woster fight,
we are aw midsne.

I served my Lord and Master,
while as he ling'd at home,
But since by sad disaster,
he receiv'd his doom.
And now we think, Gods bread I think,
the Deel's com'd in his room,
That no man spares, but stamps and staves,
at all Christendom.

I have travel'd muckle ground,
since I got from Woster pound;
And did gang the gallant round,
Of all our neighbouring Nations;
And what their opinions are,
Of our Scotch and English War,
In good sooth I will declare,
With all their apporobations:
Jockey Swears he has his load,
Tels the W'd bread a God,
And complaining 'tis very odd,
since the flight at Woster.
For we were beaten Tag and Bag,
Foot and Lag, Meam and Crag,
Yark, I hear the Dytchman say,
And begins to blather;

End

A Jovial Garland.

Gods-sacrament shall Hogan Mogan States,
Hull down their top-sails to puny powers,
Ten hundred tun of devils damn the fates,
If all dar goods and ships da be not ours.
And since dar blood and wounds do delight dem,
Tan ta ra ra, the trumpet sounds,
We'll lend Van Trump out to fight dem.

Eldest States shall first be Crown'd,
English Scalums fight not on Gods side,
Out, alas! the Dutch are beat,
Da have given us such a broad side,
Das we are foy'd foy to retreat,
No come the French-man in complat,
My gar Monsieur 'tis in vain,
Foy Dutch-land, France, or Spain,
To cross ie English-man,
Dat Nation now is grown so strong.
De Devil e're long must learn the English tongu
'Tis better dat we should combine,
To sell dem Wine,
And teach de Dame to make a Lady fine,
We'll teach dem how to trip and mince,
to kick and wince,
Foy by de sword we neber shall conbince:
Zouns every Brewar dar can beat a P.ince.

What is the English to quarrel so prone,
That they cannot now of late let their
neighbours alone?
And must the great and Catholick King,
Let the Scepter be controul'd by a sword
and a Sling?
Shall both the Indies be left to the swag

A Jovial Garland.

Of the purite of such as do plunder and pray:
E're Austria suffer such affronts for to be,
We will tumble down their power as you
shall Seignoz see.

Taffie was once Gotamighty of Wales,
when her Cozen O. P. was a creature,
He came to her Country, got's plutter-a-nails,
and he took a Welsh Hook and he beat her.
He eat up her Sheers, her Turkies and Geese,
her Pig and her Capon did ty for't,
ap Thomas, ap Stephen, ap Owen, ap Evan,
ap Taffie ap Powel did tie for't.

A hone, a hone, pooz Teague and Shone,
now may we howl and cry,
St. Patrick help thy Country-men,
oz fet and troth we die.
The English steal our Herd,
and Ushuebagh,
They put us to the Sword,
even at Tredagh,
Help help Saint Patrick,
we have no Saint but theer,
let us no longer cry
a hone a Cram-a-cree.

A Crown, a Crown, make room,
the English man doth come;
Whose Valour is taller
then all Christendom.
Though Spanish, French and Dutch,
Scotch, Welsh and Irish grutch,
We care not, we fear not,
We can deal with us.

A Jovial Garland.

You thought when we began,
 with civil wars to walke
 That our tillage, your village
 might command at last.
 But when we could not agree,
 you thought to share our fall,
 But you'l find us worse fir, ne'r fir fir,
 we shall noose you all.

S O N G XXIII.

IT is not the Money and Gold it self,
 that makes men adore it, but 'tis for its pow
 For no man doth dote upon peif,
 but all court the Lady in hopes of her dow
 These wonders that now in our days we behol
 Done by the irresistible power of Gold,
 Our love, and our zeal, and Allegiance to mou
 This purchases Kingdoms, Kings, Scepters
 and Crowns,
 Wins Battles, and conquers the Conquerers
 hold,
 Takes Bulwarks, and Cities, and Castles, and
 Towns.
 And our yfure Lawes are Written in Letters
 of Gold.
 'Tis this that our Parliament calls and crea
 Turns Kings into Keepers, and Keepers
 into States,
 And peopleth these into Highdoms Tran
 states.
 This made our black Synod to sit still so long
 To make themselves rich by the making us p
 This made our bold Army so daring and stro
 'Twas this made our Covenant-makers to
 make it,

A Jovial Garland.

And this made our Peices for to make us to
take it,
And this made both makers and takers forsake it.
Twas this spying the Dunghill-crowd of
Sequestrators,
That rises by picking of the Parliaments Gung
is first made, and then prospered Rebels and
Craptors,
And made Gentry of those that were the Nations
scum,
This Herald gives Arms not to merit but store,
For it gives Coats to those that sold Coats
before.
If their Pocket be but lin'd with Argent and Ore
This Plow can devise, and discern what they are
This makes the great Fellows the lesser condemn
Sets those at the Bench that should stand at the
Bar,
Who judge those that of right ought to excite
them.
Gives the Boysterous Clown the insufferable
pride,
Makes beggers and fools, and Usurpers to ride,
While ruin'd Proprietors run by their side.
Stamps either the Arms of the State or the
King,
Saint George or the Breeches, C. R. or D. P.
The Cross or the Fiddle, 'tis all the same thing,
This still is the Queen, who e're the King be,
This lines our Religion, busies Doctrine, and
truth,
And with zeal and the Spirit of factions indueth;
To club with Saint Katherine or Sweet Sister
Ruth,
C 3 'Tis

A Iovial Garland.

'Tis Money makes Earls, Lords, Knights, and
Esquires,

Without Breeding, Descent, Wit, Learning, or
Merit,

Makes Ropers, and Ale-drapers, Sheriffs of
Shires.

Whose Trades are not so low nor so base as their
Spirits,

This Justices makes, and wise ones we know,
Jur'd Aldermen too and Mayors also,

It makes the old Wife trot, and makes the Mare
to go.

This makes the blew Apron Right Worshipful,
To them we stand bare, and before them we fall
They leave their young heirs well fleeced with
adul,

Which we must call Squires, and they'll pay all.

Who with beggerly Souls, though their Bodies
are gaudy,

Courts the pale Chamber-maid, and nick-names
her a Lady.

And for want of good wit, they swear and talk
bawdy.

This Marriages makes, 'tis the center of love,
It draws on the Man, and pricks up the woman,
Beauty and parts no affection can move;

For it makes the Lord stoop to the brat of a
Broom-man.

Gives beauty and parts to the Lads that you
Moor,

Makes women of all sorts and ages to do,

'Tis the soul of the world, and the worldling too,

This procures Fowls, Hawks, Hounds, and
Parks,

'Tis

A Jovial Garland.

'Tis this keeps your Groom, and your Groom
keeps your Bedding,
Buys Citizens wives as well as their wares,
And makes your coy Ladies so coming & yielding
This buys us good Sack, that revives like the
Spring,
'Tis this your Poetical fancies do bring,
And this makes you merry as I that do sing.

S C M G XXIV.

FLY to Parnassus then my Muse,
And all the Springs of Hellicon,
Carouge Repent thy in a Cuv.
That Canimed to Jove did offer up;
And speak thou in Bissena's praise,
Whose face always
Doth darken Phoebus in his brightest Rays.
Your pearled drops, that doth distill
From Hellicon, infuse into my Quill,
Rouse up my senses, that I may
Express the praise which deserves the Swan,
Of all the Ladies that have been,
Or yet was seen,
She is the Phoenix and the beauties Queen;
Her face is fairer then the day,
That shines most bright within the month of May.
The Roses that adorns her cheeks,
Surpassed hers that caus'd the worthy Greeks
To lay a Siege of ten years long
to Troy so strong,
Which Paris wrought to her Husbands wrong.

A Jovial Garland.

Come, come, Silvanus to the woods
And you pious Nymphs that govern all the floods,
Describe her both by Sea and Land,
Whose beauty's brighter then is Tagus land,
No Lady yet, nor Flora fair,
can shew such hair,
As my Belena can when she comes there.

No Cynthia can, nor ever did,
Aspire so high as this our Pyramid,
Diana's Nymphs cannot compare,
Nor she with her that is the fairest fair.
Then cease my Muse, for Venus sits,
and Cupid skips,
Betwixt her Eye-brows and her ruby Lips.

S O N G XXV.

I hate a Mistress that doth far
Surpass all Dames as Cynthia doth a Star.
Her beauty is so fair and bright,
It dings the Sun when it shines most bright,
Gave Nature's pride, the crown of youth,
and she in truth,
Dines both the glorie of the North and South.

Her forty thousand on a row,
And this my love shall bear the greatest show,
Dance Venus in her very prime,
Could never to such height of beauty climb:
The Grecian Dame, whose beauty bright,
was too too light,
And durst not venture in my Ladies sight.

But this is all my Lady wants,
She hath a heart as hard as Adamant; She

A Jovial Garland.

She will not love that onely he,
That loves and honours none but she,
If she were but as kind as fair,
I durst to swear,
She were a Lady quite beyond compare.

SONG XXVI.

A persuasion to Love and Enjoy.

Think not (though men flattering say)
You are fresh as April, sweet as May;
Brighter then the Morning Star,
(That you are so) or though you are,
Be not therefore Proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem.

For being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature,
Was first bestowed on you by Nature;
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin,
For to be scarce, where she hath been

So Prodigal in all her graces,
That common beauty, and mean faces,
Shall reap more pleasure, and enjoy,
The sweets you lose by being coy;
Did the thing for which I sue,
Only concern my self, not you.

O! were men so fram'd that they alone,
Reap all the pleasure, women none:
Then might you of your gifts be scant;
But 'twere a madness not to grant
To me that yields, if you consent,
To you the giver, more content

Chan

A Jovial Garland.

Than me the Begger, therefore be
Kind unto your self, if not to me;
Starbe not your self, because you may
Thereby make me pine away:
And let not brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake.

For that lovely face will fail,
Beauty is sweet, but it is frail:
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Then Summers Wind, or Winters Sun;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear,
'Tis gone, whilst we but say 'twas here.

Those curled Locks so neatly twin'd,
Whose Ivory hair a soul doth blind,
Will change their Dbern hue, and grow
White, as is the Pirine Snow;
And old folks say, there's no such pains
As thoughts of love in aged beings.

Then dearest be thou well advis'd,
Make use of time so highly priz'd;
Enjoy the sweets that youth affords,
And let your thoughts weigh well my words;
Lest you be forc'd to curse your fate,
And to repent when 'tis too late.

S O N G XXVII.

Madam, you are fair,
Your beauties rare,
Your Golden Hair,
Beyond compare,

Doth

A Jovial Garland.

Doth me insnare,
And breeds my care;
Then grant me your favour,
let me not despair.

Those sparkling eyes,
Doth my heart surprize,
You are fair and wise,
Be not precise,
Rich beauties prize,
In your face lies,
Then let your affection,
alike sympathize.

Sweet do but say,
As I hope you may,
Love leads the way,
Use no delay,
Time steals away;
Be loving I pray;
When pleasure is offer'd,
Sweet do not say nay.

S O N G XXVIII.

Shepherd, as thou cam'st this way,
beneath pond little Hill,
Or through the fields as thou didst pass,
saw'st thou my Daffadil?

She's cloathed in a Frock of Green,
the colour Maids delight;
And never was her beauty seen,
but through a ball of White.

A Jovial Garland.

No Rose is richer to behold,
that Decks up Lovers Bowes;
The Dancy and the Marigold,
and Phoebus Paramours.

Thou well describes the Daffadil,
it is not full an hour,
Since by the Spring of yonder Hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

Pet with my flower thou didst not meet,
nor news of it dost bring,
For know my Daffadil's more sweet,
then that beyond the hill.

To them her self beyond her seat,
no Lilly is so bold,
Unless to throw her from the heat,
or keep her from the cold.

I saw a Shepherd that did keep
in yonder field of Alliegs,
He making whilst he fed his flock,
a Weath of Daffadillies.

But Shepherd thou delud'st me still,
my flower thou didst not see,
For know sweet Daffadil's not won
by any but by she.

Shepherd.

Through yonders Meadow as I did pass,
descending from yond Hill,
I spied a bonny smirking Lass,
which they call a Daffadil.

whose

A Jovial Garland.

Whose presence as he past along,
the pretty flowers did greet,
And bow'd their heads, as though they bent,
with homage to their feet.

And all the Shepherds that were nigh,
from top of every hill,
Unto the Valleys aloud did cry,
there goes sweet Daffadil.

Oh gentle Shepherd, now with joy,
thou my poor heart dost fill,
Come go with me, thou lovely Boy,
let us find Daffadil.

And with our Clips and Kisses sweet,
we shall thy fancy fill,
But let us haste that we may meet
with my sweet Daffadil.

I wish that every Lober true,
might have as high a bliss,
And have such happiness as you,
to clip, to cull, and kiss.

I wish the same, that every Dame,
might bear as true good will,
And constant prove unto her Love,
as doth my Daffadil.

S O N G XXIX.

A Lady of great Fame,
beauty surpassing,
Of Nature's Lineaments,
nothing was missing;

A Jovial Garland.

She bow'd a Masses life,
She scorned Wooing,
All joys of Wedlock toyes,
hated he doing.

Out of a Window fair,
as she lay biewing,
She spyed a Falkner, was
riding a Luring:
I wish I were, quoth she,
a Falcon coming,
That of yon Falkner fair,
I might have Pluming.

Cupid heard her request,
and gave re-greeting,
That these two pretty ones
should have a meeting:
If I lure thee, quoth he,
wilt thou come to me?
Oh lure me twice a day,
else you'l undo me.

Wilt thou lye at the Brook,
or at the Pleasant,
If thou yeld water stoe,
I shall be pleasant:
If I lye in the Woods,
Ile have a standing,
To rest my weary wings,
at my commanding.

Her beak began to bow,
with tears and boaking;

A Jovial Garland.

Her train began to scou
with often stroaking.
He gave her casting tow
and stones for scouring,
She thought she had gone to Heaven,
being but soaring.

Now Lady fare you well,
you are grown cunning,
I prethee Falkner stay,
my train wants pluming;
My Imping Needles weak,
and apt to bending,
Sweet Falkner for my sake,
lend it to mending.

S O N G X X X.

Come listen unto me
You that true Lovers be,
And hath by Cupids dart
Been pierc'd unto the heart,
Let's hope for Jasons prize at last,
Brought profit for the labour past.

Though friends be obstinate,
And seek to seporate
Our loves that are so pure
And ever shall endure,
In time of hope truth will be try'd;
When feigned lies are falsified.

They think to wound my heart
By smothering desert,
But yet they work in vain,
I scorn so base a strain;

A Jovial Garland.

Ile rather laugh to see my foes,
Then venomous envy to disclose.

If Celia constant prove
And answer my pure love;
Then let the world go aside,
No harm can us betide,
My constancy shall make known
That Ile enjoy my love, or none.

S O N G XXXI.

O my Love, my little pretty Dove,
my Lady of delight,
Whether he not can, but let me enjoy
thy company all this night:
'Tis Vastus bows makes thee thy pleasure lose;
that fair Venus both enjoy:
It's an apish bread of a Spalden-head,
then perthee sweet be not coy;
This blustering silence is but negligence,
say still I be thy friend,
With a peg, and a kiss, make full my bliss,
say, quickly make an end;
Speak pretty Cloris, say now the hour it is
that I must go or stay,
When thou findest delight, of this our short night
thou'lt wish it had never been day.

S O N G XXXII.

To serve thee Kate, 'tis all that I desire,
I never hate say to provoke thine ire:
Thy company I love with all my heart,
I do desire him that shall make us part:

A Jovial Garland.

Who shall thee cherish is my trusty friend,
Let him soon perish that withereth for thy end.
Who loves thee well, let him by heaven be blest,
Be curst to hell that shall dishonour thy rest.

SONG XXXIII.

The thirsty earth drinks up the rain,
And thirsts and calls for drink again :
The Plants drink up the Earth and Ape,
By constant drinking fresh and faire.

The Sea it self, and one would think
Should have but little need of drink ;
Drinks forty thousand Rivers up,
Into this overflowing Cup.

The busie Sun, and one would guess,
By his drunken fiery face no less,
Drinks up the Sea, when that is done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.

They dance and drink by their own light,
They drink and revel all the night,
Nothing in nature so profound,
But an eternal health goes round.

Then fill the Goblet, boys, fill them high,
Fill all the glasses that are here, for why
Should every creature else be drunk but I,
Thou man of Morals tell me why ?

SONG XXXIV.

I Pray thee turn thy self away,
Thy splendor but benights my day,

A Jovial Garland.

Sad eyes like mine, and wounded hearts,
Shuns the bright rays thy beauty darts.

Unwelcome is the Sun that pipes
Into those shades where sorrow lies,
To shine unhappy man, to me,
That blessing's but a misery.

For your bright Suns do scorch so sore,
And my poor heart being hot before,
Ile serve the night, and there confind,
With thee less fair, or else more kind.

But if thy breast can harbour love,
Let my distress thy pity move,
Seek not to kill that love-sick heart,
That wounded is by Cupid's Dart.

Meet my affections with thy flame,
And let me glory in the same;
Then shall I bid sad care adieu,
And study how to humour you.

S O N G XXXV.

Why should I wrong my judgment so,
As for to love, whereas I know
no hold is to be taken?
For what as she thinks after most,
If once of it her heart can boast,
it quickly is forsaken.

Thus whilst I still pursue in vain,
Perchance I turn a Child again;
my Shadow still a chasing;

A Jovial Garland.

For all her labours are to me
Like Apparitions which I see,
but never come to embracing.

Oft have I wish't that there had been
Some Almanack for to have seen
when Love had been in season;
But I perceive there is no art,
Can find the Epac of her heart,
that is not rul'd by reason.

Yet will I not for this despair.
For time her humour may prepare,
though now I be neglected;
And what unto my constancy
She now denies, one day may be
proffered, when not expected.

Then shall I bid farewell to care,
And laugh at them that do despair,
because I am regarded;
And think my time was good I spent,
In serving her whose free consent,
my love hath so rewarded.

S O N G XXXVI.

Poor Jenny and I we toiled,
A long Summers day,
Till we was almost spoiled
With making of the Hay.
Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
Wound low upon her brow,
He whisper'd something in her ear,
But what's that to you.

A Jovial Garland.

Her stockings were of a Kersey green,
Well ficht with yellow Silk,
Oh! such a Leg was never seen;
Her skin as white as Milk.
Her Hair was black as any Crow,
And sweet her mouth was too;
Oh! Jenny daintily could mow,
But what's that to you?

Her Petty-coats were not so low,
As Ladies now do wear 'em;
She needed not a Page I trow,
For I was by to bear 'em;
He took 'em up all in my hand,
And I think her Linnen too,
For I was e'er at her command,
But what's that to you?

King Solomon had Wives enough,
And Concubines a number,
Yet He possess more happines,
And he had more of Cumber:
My Joy surmounts a Medded Life,
With fear she lets me mow,
A Wench is better then a Wife,
But what's that to you?

The Lilly and the rose combine,
To make my Jenny fair,
There's no contentment like as mine,
I'm almost void of care.
But yet I fear my Jenny's face
Will cause more men to Moore,
Which I shall take for a disgrace,
But what's that to you?

A Jovial Garland.

SONG XXXVII.

Oh Love! whose power and might
no creature e'er withstood,
Thou forcest me to wite;
come turn about Robin Hood.
Sole Mistres of my heart,
let me thus far presume,
To crave in this request,
a Black-Patch for the Rheum:
Grant pitt, or I die,
love so my heart bewitches,
With grief I howl and cry,
Oh how my Elbow itches.
Tears overflow my sight,
with floods of dais weeping,
That in the silent night,
I cannot rest for sleeping.
What is't I would not do,
to purchase one sweet smile?
Bid me to China go,
saith I'll sit still the while.
O Women you will never,
but think men still will flatter:
I love you ever,
but yet it is no matter.
Cupid is blind, they say,
but yet methinks he seeth;
He struck my heart to day,
a Tard in Cupid's teeth.
Her tresses that were wrought
much like the Golden snare,

A Jovial Garland.

My loving Heart had caught,
as Moss did catch his Mare,
But since that all relief
and comforts do forsake me,
I'll kill my self with grief,
nay, then the Devil take me.
And since her grateful merits
my loving look must lack,
I'll stop my vital Spirits
with Claret and with Sack.
Mark well my woful hap,
Jove, rector of the Thunder,
Send down thy Thunder-clap,
and rend her smock in sunder.

S O N G XXXVIII.

When I dye in my Goblets deep,
All my cares are rockt asleep,
Rich as Cræsus Lord o'th' Earth,
Singing Odes of wit and mirth,
And with Ivy-Garlands Crown'd,
I can kick the Globe, Round, Round.
Let others sigh, while I drink,
Boy, my Goblet fill to th' brim;
Come fill it high, fill it high,
That I may but drink and dye;
For when I lay down my head,
'Tis better to be drunk, 'tis better to be drunk,
Dead Drunk, then Dead.

S O N G XXXIX.

Here's waters for to quench loves fires,
 Here's spirits for old Occupiers;
 Here's powders for to preserve life long,
 Here's Oyl to make weak sinews strong:
 What is't you lack, what would you buy?
 Come to me gallants, taste and try.

This powder doth preserve from fate,
 This is my grand Certificate;
 Lost Maiden-heads this doth restore,
 And makes them Virgins as before:
 What is't you buy, &c.

This cures the Bone-ach, Feaver, Lurdains,
 Unlawful or untrimely burchens,
 Diseases of all Sex and Ages,
 This Medicine cureth and allwages:
 What is't you buy, &c.

I have Receipts will cure the Cough,
 Will keep Pox in or drive them out;
 To cool hot blood, cold blood to warm,
 I do much good, but ne'er do harm:
 What is't you lack, &c.

S O N G XL.

I Must confess I am in Love,
 although I thought I never should;
 It is with one dropt from above,
 whom nature made of purest mould,

A jovial Garland.

So sweet, so fair, so all Divine,
I would quit the World to make her mine.

Have you not seen the Stars retreat,
when Sol salutes our Hemisphere?
So shines the beauty called great,
when fair Rosela doth appear:
Where she as other Women are,
I need not court her, nor dispaire.

But I could never bear a mind
willing to stoop to common faces;
For confidence enough could find,
to aim at one so full of graces:
Fortune and Nature did agree,
No woman should be fit for me.

Yet when her mind is firmly set
to lend a smile to none but me,
Then shall I all my woes forget,
and smile at quondam misery:
He who hath such a heavenly mate,
May think himself most fortunate.

My dear Rosela make my bliss
happy, by your most sweet consent,
Then shall I think no life like this,
which brings me to so much content;
And you shall by this bargain win,
Although you lose the Fort within.

What life so sweet as natural love,
it doth expel all worldly rage,

A Jovial Garland.

It makes us like the Gods above,
and shews us truly what we are :
Where true love rais'ns, there is small odds
Betwixt us Mortals, and the Gods.

S O N G XLI.

Come hither my bonny sweet Betty,
let's dally a while in the shade,
While Sun by degrees
Shines through the Trees,
and the Wind blows through the Glade,
Where we will enjoy such pleasure
of pastime and merrv discourse,
That shall not controul
The body or Soul,
for Love is a thing of great force.

These Trees shall be the Supporters
to cover thy Spherical head,
My Arms shall intertwine
Thy Body Divine.
and the Earth shall be thy Bed :
The Mantle of fairest Flora,
my Cloak shall thy covering be,
And the whistling Wind
shall sing to thy mind,
a merrv sweet Lullaby.

While her touch did insnare my senses,
by smelling her amorous breath,
My arms did intertwine
Her Body divine,
and I tasted the joys beneath :

Thus

A Jovial Garland.

Thus ravished with enjoyment,
of all that true Lovers possess,
I think whilst I'm here
I am in the Sphere,
that makes mortallity blest.

S O N G XLII.

I have no serving-man, footman, or Cooks,
For they can afford a maid nothing but looks;
But I have Tom-Tinker, and he's be my dear,
And he and no other shall tickle my gere,
This way, that way, which way you will,
I am sure I say nothing that you can take ill.

I met with a footman was bound to the spring,
He told me his errand was water to bring,
He laid me down on the grass, and gave me no
money,
Therefore he shall never play with my Coney,
This way, that way, &c.

The Cook in the kitchen doth so sweat & boyl,
He spends all his strength with his sweat and his
toyl:
Yet would he be fumbling as he was wont,
But faith he shall never more play with me Cunt,
This way, that way, &c.

The serving-man though he be bonny & brave,
Yet small satisfaction a woman can have;
But Jovial Tom-tinker oh he's the brave man,
For he can do that which few other men can:
This way, that way, &c.

But

A Jovial Garland.

But Tom he will trabel I greatly do fear,
And I will go with him his Budget to bear;
In stoping of holes he hath the best luck,
All day he will tipples, all night he will f---k:
This way, that way, &c.

S O N G XLIII.

There was a young man in the night
into the woods did walk,
Where Bears and Lyons skipt and danc'd,
and sprights as white as chalk.

He took a Maiden by the hand,
and swore he did not mock;
Nor for to do her any harm,
but to take up her S---block

On which she sat, poor silly Maid,
to rest her wearied bones;
And being not a whit affraid,
catch'd hold upon his S---two thumbs.

At which she star'd and looked grim,
and swore his face did wrinkle,
But she regarded not a pin,
but catch'd him by the P---pimple

Which he had growing on his nose,
but let the pimple pass,
There's not a Maid but will suppose
that she was a wanton Lass.

But yet he ventured, being tall,
and not with speeches blunt,

A Jovial Garland.

He did no more but took up all,
and catcht her by the C==plump.

Her red-rose lips which oft he kiss,
quoth she I crave no sucker ;
Which made him have an earnest mind
to kiss, and feel, and f==pluck her

Into his arms, nay, loft, she said,
you are too swift a doing ;
But if you will be rul'd by me,
we'll have small time in wooing.

This being said, he laid her down,
amongst the slippery Seggs ;
Her coats she tuckt about her round,
and spred forth both her L==Eggs

That she had in her Apron there,
close in her Apron tuckt ;
Because she would be fine and faire,
and ready to be f==Duckt

Into some pleasant running Spring,
for it was time o'th' year
To wash and scour up every thing,
both hands, feet, face and gere.

S O N G XLIV.

The good Wife went to the Well to wash,
The good man went to the Barn to thrash,
And there he found his Wives nest,

Where

A Jovial Garland.

Where she had shit in the Hay-mow,
where she had shit in the Hay.

These was the good Wives of **Stroud of Stroud**,
That dealt with their men as they could they could,
For they shit in the Hay-mow,
For they shit in the Hay.

Thou dirty Drab beshrew thy snout,
Why how the por came this about :
I'll make thee come and wipe it out,
For thou hast shit in the Hay-mow :
For thou hast shit in the Hay.
these was, &c.

Thou ugly Rogue beshrew thy head,
My other Husband that is dead,
Did use to let me shite in bed,
Though now I shite in the Hay-mow,
Though now I shite in the Hay :
these was, &c.

The good man he drew out his Sword,
The good **Wife** she took up the Turd,
They fought full sore and ne're spoke word,
When she shit in the Hay-mow,
When she shit in the Hay :
these was, &c.

At last the good man he did say,
Good **Wife** pray throw thy turd away,
My beard thy turd did all bewray,
For they shit in the Hay-mow,
For they shit in the Hay.
these was, &c.

A Jovial Garland.

The good wife she threw her tued aways;
And to the good man did boldly say;
Put up thy Sword and play fair play,
For I will shite in the Hay-mow,
For I will shite in the Hay :
these was, &c.

Then in came the daughter to mend the matter,
She shit in a Dish and spew'd in a Platter,
And in the Cream pot she did make water :
For I will shite in the Hay-mow,
For I will shite in the Hay.
these was, &c.

The Neighbours they came laughing by;
And some cry'd faugh, and some cry'd eye,
To see such a beastly company ;
When they shit in the Hay-mow,
When they shit in the Hay,
These was the good Wives of Stroud of Stroud,
That dealt with their men as they could they could,
For they shit in the Hay-mow,
For they shit in the Hay.

S O N G XLV.

Come hither you Dukes nine,
and help me to indite,
And some ready Clark I crave,
to lend me his aid to write :
For I will make relation
of a jest most statelie,
Of a handsome feat
was done in an evening lately.

A Jovial Garland.

As I came from the Market
ambling on the way,
I spied two pretty birds,
Mars with fair Venus play:
Nothing could I see,
but that which made me wonder,
The Cock made all the sport,
and the Hen lay fluttering under.

Sure it was not pleasant
at that time of the night;
And if it were a Woodcock
he took but his evening flight:
But if it were a jolly House-Cock,
I wonder how he came thither,
The Hen cry'd Cuck a Cuck Cuck,
and they flew away both together.

S O N G XLVI.

I'll gaze no more upon those eyes,
That keeps me in Fools Paradise:
No more I'll sit in solitude,
It is a hell to be exclude.
Now since she cares no more for me,
I'll sing and laugh, carouze and quaff,
I'll drink all off,
And very very merry be.

I oft have wooed with many a tear,
But she my plaints would never hear;
But still my Suit and me denies,
And stops her ears for all my cries.
Then since, &c.

A Jovial Garland.

No more I'll wear my Hat-band off,
Nor downwards wear my carelesse Cuffs;
I'll wear my Scarf and Rapier too,
And do as I was wont to do,
For since, &c.

Let him that list with Love look pale;
And see if that can ought avail,
And sigh, and sob, and dailie weep,
And nightie break his quiet sleep:
Now since, &c.

I'll keep my Hawks, I'll keep my Hounds,
I'll sell my Lands, and let my Grounds,
To pledge a Whore I'll rather strive,
Then any honest Maid alive:
For since they care, &c.

S O N G XLVII.

The Fabrick of pleasure, commands beyond
measure;
to court thee and press thee so nigh,
I prethee sit by me, and do not deny me
one amorous glance from thine eye.

Those Magical glances, superlative fancies,
cheats and inflames the desire;
The highest of graces, the strictest embraces,
can only extinguish the fire.

My first addresses, was a prologue of Kisses,
the Cherries are now mature,
They seem to petition for present fruition,
grown old they will not allure.

Let's

A Jovial Garland.

lets fill us with pleasure, I joy beyond measure,
our humours accordeth so nigh;
All injuries slighted, I am wholly delighted,
in being found fair in thine eye.

Take present fruition, I'm at thy disposition,
my honour I freely resign,
Be secret and Loyal, thy conquest is Royal,
for ever my Dear I am thine.

We're doubt but we hasted, and presently tasted
those joys that fair Venus affords;
Rich Indian treasure's but poor to this pleasure,
nor can I express it in words.

S O N G XLVIII.

I Wonder how it comes about,
That men should so solicit
Their own harm, and kiss it;
for I make no doubt,
They know they court but evils,
being once obtain'd,
Of Saints they turn to Devils:
Then what have they gain'd,
but Reputation stain'd?

Yet doth this apish female toy
Command poor man and flout him,
That were nought without him,
but its own annoy.
Then wer't not for coction,
all the World would fall,

C

Else

A Jovial Garland.

Else 'tis a great suspicion,
they could not prevail
their Witchcrafts to intail.

But since we must by force obey,
And Fly to such a Lure
That will make us sure
far more love then they :
Yet he that captivates me
shall have beauty store,
I must confess it takes me,
and doth please me more
then what I said before.

SONG XLIX.

UPON a certain day when Mars
and Venus met together
Within a shady Bower, whereas
he did invite him thither :
But when as Cupid did espy
Mars hit her mark so narrow,
He could not abide, but loudly he cry'd,
come off my Mother sirra, sirra,
come off my Mother sirra.

Quoth Mars I prithe thee hold thy peace,
I do not hurt thy Mother,
Her smiles keeps all the world at ease
and discontents do smother :
See how I hold her in my arms,
but he thought he had thrust her thorow :
Then

A Iovial Garland.

Thou out cry'd the Lad, as he had been mad,
come off, &c.

Quoth Mars I pray thee be content,
for Venus is a woman;
Was born to give the world content,
and discontent to no man:
If thou wilt give me leave to draw
my golden-headed Arrow,
I'll give thee a groat, I care not for that,
come off, &c.

By Way, quoth Venus, this is Mars;
the furious God of Battle,
All heavenly planets fear his force;]
then cease thy titile tattle:
He is a God that doth command,
he'll neither beg nor borrow,
Be he God or Devil, let him be more civil,
come off, &c.

She took the Boy and clapt his cheek;
saying, Mars his fury's over,
It is his friendship we must seek,
see thou nothing discover,
he will not stay to trouble thee,
he goes from hence to morrow;
care not, I, let him go by and by;
Come off of my Mother, sirra, sirra,
Come off of my Mother sirra.

A Jovial Garland.

SONG L

Y Du English-men be merry,
your Scottissh guests are gone,
That made your wives so weary,
and would not let them alone :
But mow'd them every one,
and all your Lasses too ;
But now they are quiet and gone,
then let us be merry now.

Now saving that mumping glutton
that did so much disdain
His Landlords Beef and Mutton,
but Lorded it like a Dane :
He made the fat Turkey be slain,
Pig. Goose, and Capon too ;
But he's at his lang Tale again,
then let, &c.

Now may we go whet our whistles,
and eat up our own good chear,
For these that devoured our Victuals,
and drunk all our Ale and Beer ;
They put us in great fear,
and took our money too,
They are gone into Scotland clear,
then let us be merry now.

The Parson of Stanton-coddle,
for keeping up his Wife,

A Jovial Garland.

Was knockt about his noddle,
they said they would take his life :
He drew out a long Scotch knife,
and swore he would run him thro',
but we's have no more such strife,
then let us, &c.

And thus to conclude my Ditty,
I hope this Song of mine,
Will make both each Town and City
take the other glass of Wine ;
For Freedom is very fine,
when we have no more to do,
sit under our own Vines,
then let us be merry now.

S O N G L I.

Hold, hold thy nose to the Pot Tom, Tom,
And hold thy nose to the pot Tom, Tom,
'Tis thy pot, and my pot,
And my pot, and thy pot,
Sing hold thy Nose to the pot Tom, Tom.

'Tis Mault will cure the Paw Tom,
And heal thy disempers in Autum,
Felix quem fecient,
I prece be patient,
Aliena pericula cautum.

A JOVIAL GARIAND.

Then hold thy nose to the pot Tom Tom,
Hold, hold thy nose to the pot Tom Tom;
There's neither parson nor Uicar,
But will tosse off his Liqueur,
Sing hold thy nose to the pot Tom Tom.

S O N G LII.

There was an old lad, rode on an old Pad,
unto an old Punk a wooing,
He laid the old Punk upon an old Trunk,
O there was goodawd doing.

There was an old Maid scarce sweet as they said,
in a place I dare not mention;
She in an old humour lay with a perfumer,
O there was a sweet invention.

The Punk and the Maid, they swore and they said,
that Marriage was civility:
If Marry you must for changing of Lust,
O well fare a trick of nullity.

There was a mad man did study to frame
a device to draw up a peshpluce,
She dyew up so narrow, a Cart might go thorow
O there was a slender Sluce.

There was a young Lord assumed his word,
that he would be a Parliament-maker,
But see how things alter, he assumed a Halter,
O there was an undertaker.

S O N G

A Jovial Galliard,
SONG LIII.

She lay all naked in her Bed,
and I my self lay by,
Novail but Curtains about her spread,
no covering but I:
Her head upon her Shoulders seeks
to hang in careless wise,
All full of blushes were her cheeks,
and of wishes were her eyes.

The blood still fresh into her face,
as on a message came,
To say that in another place
it meant another Game:
Her cherry Lips most plump and fair
millions of kisses crown'd,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
and weigh'd the branches down.

Her Breasts that swell'd so plump and high,
bred pleasant pain in me,
For all the world I do desire
the like felicity:
Her Thighs and Belly soft and fair
to me were only won;
To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
would have angered any stone.

Her knees lay upward gently bent,
and all lay hollow under,
As if on easie terms they meant
to fall unforc'd asunder:

A Jovial Garland.

Just so the Cyprian Queen did lye,
expecting in her Bower,
When so long stay had kept the Boy
beyond his promised hour.

Dull Clown, quoth she, why dost delay
such proffer'd bliss to take,
Canst thou find out a better way
similitudes to make?
Had with delight I thundred in,
and threw my Arms about her,
But pox upon't, 'twas but a Dream,
and so I lay without her.

The Answer.

She lay up to the Nabel bare,
and was a willing Lober,
Expecting between hope and fear,
when I should come and cover;
Her hand beneath my waste-band slips,
to grope in busie wise,
Which caus'd a trembling in her lips,
and shivering in her Eyes.

The blood out of her face did go,
as it on service went,
To second what was gone before,
when all its strength was spent;
Her cheek and lips are Coral red,
like Roses we e full blown,
Which lasting draitt the leaves were spread,
and so she comes down.

A Jovial Garland.

Her breasts that then both panting were,
much comforts wrought between us,
That all the world I dare to say,
would envy to have seen us:
Her Belly and its provinder
for me was kept in store,
Such news to hear, and not to have share,
would have made a man a whore.

Her Legs were girt about my waste,
my hands under her Crupper,
As who should say, now break your fast,
and come again to supper:
Even as the God war did knock,
as any other man will,
For haste of work till twelve a clock,
kept Vulcan at his Anvil.

Mad wag, quoth she, why dost thou make
such haste thy self to rear?
Canst thou not know that for thy sake
this fare lasts all the year?
Quiet and calm as are loves streams,
I threw my self about her;
But a por upon true jests and dreams,
I had better been without her.

SONG

SONG LIV.

I Hate the fairest non-Perle,
the fairest that ever was seen,
And had not Venus been in the way,
she had been beauties Queen.

Her lovely looks, her comely grace,
I will describe at large.
God Cupid put her in his Books,
and of this Iem took charge.

Her hair not like the golden wire,
but black as any Crow;
Her brows so sett'd all admire,
her forehead's wondrous low.

Her squinting, Earing, goggle-Eyes,
poor Children do affright;
Her Nose is of the Sarazines Size,
O she's a matchless Wight.

Her Open-mouth wide open stands,
her Teeth like rotten Pease,
Her Swan-like Neck my heart commands,
her Breasts all hit with Fleas.

Her tawny Dugs, like two great Hills,
hangs down like to the waste,
Her body's huge like two Wind-mills,
and yet she's wondrous chaste.

Her

A Jovial Garland.

Her Shoulders of so large a breadth,
She'd made an excellent Porter;
And yet her belly carries most,
If any man could sort her.

No Shoulder of Mutton like her Hand,
For broadness, thick or fat,
With a Pockey mange upon her Ribs,
O Jove, how love I that?

Her Belly Tun-like to behold,
Her Bush both all excell,
The thing that by all men is extoll'd,
Is wider then a well.

Her bratony buttocks plump and round,
much like a Horse of War;
With speckl'd thighs, scab'd, and scarce sound,
her Knees like Bakers are.

Her Legs are like the Elephants,
the Calf and Small both one,
Her Ancles they together meet,
and still knock bone to bone.

Her pretty feet not 'bove fiftene,
so spaid as never was:
An excellent Usher for a Man
that walks the dewy grals.

Thus have you heard my Mistresse prais'd,
and yet no flattery used,
Pray tell me, is she not of worth?
Let her not be abused.

A Jovial Garland,

If any to her hath a mind,
He doth me wondrous wrong,
For as she's beautiful, so she chaste,
and so I end my Song.

S O N G. LV.

AS I was walking I cannot tell where,
Nor I cannot tell whether nor where,
I met with a Crew, I cannot tell who,
Nor cannot tell what they were,
But ever and anon they all cry'd,
Narcissus come kiss us, and love us beside,

They sung a fine Song, I cannot tell what,
Nor whether in Verse or in Prose;
Nor know I their meaning, although they all sat
Even as it were under my nose,
But ever and anon they all cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

There came a Lad from I cannot tell where,
Which I cannot tell what in his hand,
It was a fine thing, it had little sence,
But yet it could lustily stand:
Yet louder these Ladies they cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

Some shak'd it, Some stroak'd it, Some kiss it 'tis
It looked so lovely indeed,
(said,
all

A Jovial Garland.

All hugg'd it as honey, and none were affraid,
Because of their bodily need :
But louder these Ladies they cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

At length he did put in his pretty fine top,
In I cannot tell where below,
Into one of these Ladies, but I cannot tell why;
Nor wherefore he should do so;
But ever and anon they all cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

But when those Ladies had sported all night,
And ris'd dame natures store;
And tyed themselves with Venus delights,
That they could hardly do more :
Yet louder those Ladies they cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

This Lad being tyed began to retreat,
And hang down his head like a flower,
The Ladies did the more desire the feat,
But alas it was out of his power;
Yet lower and lower they cry'd,
Narcissus wont kiss us, and lye by our side.

When full forty weeks were almost expired,
A pittiful story to tell;
These Ladies did hate what most they desired,
Their bellies began for to swell :
Then with a woful tune they all cry'd,
Narcissus wont, &c.

A Jovial Garland.

Lucina in pity then lent them her aid
To ease them of their sorrow;
But when these Ladies were gently laid,
They had the same tune to morrow;
And dandling their Babies they cry'd,
Narcissus wont, &c.

But as I was minding these pretty fine toys,
How Venus with Cupid did play;
What pleasure these Ladies takes in their boys,
Did lead my fancy astray:
To hear how they lull'd them, and cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

I then returned I cannot tell how,
Nor what was in my mind,
Nor what else I heard, I know not I vow,
Nor saw, for Cupid is blind:
But still these Ladies they cry'd,
Narcissus, &c.

But now to conclude I cannot tell what,
Nor when, nor how, nor where
Nor found I the sence of this song of theirs,
For Ladies are fickle as Air:
Therefore I did laugh, till they cry'd,
Narcissus come kiss us, &c.

S O N G LVI.

LET Souldiers fight for prey or praise,
and Women be the Wilers wish,

A Jovial Garland.

Poor Schollars study all their days,
and Gluttons glory in their dish,
Its wine, pure wine, revives sad Souls,
Therefore fill us the chearing Bowls.

Let minions marshal every hair,
and in a lovers lock delight,
And Artificial colours wear,,
we have the native red or white :
Its wine, &c.

Take Pleasant, Pout, and calber'd Sammon,
or how to please your pallats think,
Give us the salt Westfalia Gammon,
not meat to eat, but meat to drink ;
Its wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave,
that lively which before was dull ;
They probe good fellows which were grave,
and kindness flows from Cups bym full :
Its wine, &c.

Some have the Tick, some the Rhume,
some have the Palsie, some the Gout,
Some swell with fat, and some consume,
but they are sound that drink all out :
Its wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and some want wealth,
some want a Wife, and some a Punk,
Some men want wit, and some want health,
but they want nothing that are drunk :
It's wine, pure wine, revives sad souls,
Therefore give us the chearing Bowls.

SONG

A Jovial Garland.

SONG LVII.

When Love with unconfin'd wings
hovers within my gates,
And my divine Altheta begins
to whisper at the grates;
When I lay tangl'd in her hair,
and fettered to her eye,
The Gods that wander in the Air,
Knows no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
with no allaying Thames,
Our careless hearts with Roses round,
our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in Wine we steep,
when health and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipples in the deep
Know no such Liberty.

When like committed Linnets I
with thyler throat shall sing,
The sweetness, Mercy, Majesty,
and glories of my King;
When I shall sing aloud how good
he is, great should be,
Enlarged wings that curle the floods
Knows no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a Prison make,
nor Iron Bars a Cage,
Spinds innocent and quiet take
that for an Hermitage:

A Jovial Garland.

If I have freedom in my love,
and in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soze above
enjoy such liberty.

SONG LVIII.

The childish God of love did swear
thus, by my awfull Bow and Duffler,
you weeping, kissing, smiling pair,
I'll scatter all their bows i'th' Air,
and knit embraces thiver.

Up then to the head, with his best art,
full of spight and envy blown;
At her constant Marble heart,
He draws his swiftest curiest Dart,
which bounded back and hit his own:
Now the Prince of fires burns,
flames in the luster of her eyes;
Triumphant he refuses scorn,
He submits, adores, and mourns,
and in his votres sacrifices:
Foolish Wop resolve me now,
what 'tis to ligh and not be heard:
He weeping kneel'd and made a bow;
The World shall love as fast as you,
so on his Ang'd Wings up he steer'd.

SONG

SONG LIX.

Underneath the Castle Wall, the Queen of
 Love sat mourning,
 Tearing of her golden Locks, her red Rose
 cheeks adorning;
 With her Lilly white hand she smote her
 breasts,
 And said she was forsaken,
 With that the Mountains they did skip;
 And the Hills fell all a quaking.

Underneath the rotten hedge, the Tinkers
 Wife sat sitting,
 Tearing of a Cabbage leaf, her bitten Arse
 a wiping;
 With her cole-black hands she scratcht her
 Arse,
 And swore she was besitten,
 With that the Pedlars all did skip,
 And the fiddlers fell a spitting.

SONG LX.

There was a Jovial Pedlar,
 and he cry'd Coney-skins,
 And on his back he wore a Pack,
 wherein was Points and Pins,
 Laces and Braces, and
 many pretty things:

A Jovial Garland.

Hey down hey down
ey down, down, hey derry derry down,
this Pedler never lins,
at still he cries, so merrily merrily,
Maids have you any Coney-skins?

Here was two Jovial Sisters
that in one house did dwell,
he one was called bonny Kate,
the other bounding Nell:
and these two fair Maids
had Coney skins to sell:
ey down hey down,
ey down, down, &c.

ate pull'd forth the Coney-skin;
from underneath the Stairs,
twas as black as any jet,
and never a silver hair:
The Pedler would have handled it
rather than his Ears,
ey down, hey down,
ey derry derry, &c.

ell brought forth her Coney-skin;
clean of another hue:
but 'twas as good, as good may be,
and that the Pedler knew;
The sawcy Jack threw down his Pack,
and forth his ware he drew:
ey down, hey down,
ey derry derry, &c.

A Jovial Garland.

The Pedler took up his Pack,
and 'gan to go his way,
The Maidsens call'd him back again,
desiring him to stay:
For they would shew him Cony-skings,
a White one and a Gray;
Hey down, hey down,
Hey down, down, &c.

I pray you fair Maids
take no further care,
For when that I come back again,
I'll give you ware for ware:
But you have all at this time;
that now I can well spare,
Hey down, hey down,
Hey down, down, &c.

E'er forty weeks were gone and past,
the Maids began to say,
What's become of this Pedler,
that us'd here every day:
I fear ye hath beguill'd us
and run another way:
Hey down, hey down,
Hey down, down, &c.

But now these fair Maids
their bellies began to swell,
And where to find the Pedler,
alas they could not tell;
Then they wist all fair Maids,
no more Cony-skings to sell:

Hey

A Jovial Garland.

Hey down, hey down,
Hey down, down, derry derry down;
this Pedler never lins,
But still he cries, so merrily merrily,
Maids have you any Cony-skins.

SONG LXI.

Where's those that did Prognosticate,
And did envy fair Englands state;
And said King Charles no more should reign;
Their Predictions were but vain,
For the King is now return'd,
For whom fair England mourn'd,
His Nobles Royally have entertain'd;
Now blessed be the day,
Thus do his Subjects say,
That God hath brought him home again.

The two and twentieth of Iobels May,
At Dover arrived, Fame doth say:
Where our most noble General,
Did on his knees before him fall,
Craving to kiss his hand,
So soon as he did land,
Royally they did him entertain,
With all their power and might;
To bring him to his Right,
And place him in his own again.

A Iovial Garland.

Then the King I understand,
Did kindly take him by the hand,
And lovingly did him embrace,
Rejoycing for to see his face,
He lift him from the ground,
With Ioy that did abound;
And graciously did him entertain,
Rejoycing that once more,
He was on English Shore,
To enjoy his own in peace again.

From Dover unto Canterbury they pass,
And so to Cobham-Hall at last,
From thence to London marcht again,
With a Triumphant Glorious Train,
Where he was received with Joy,
His sorrow to destroy,
In England once more for to Reign :
Now all men do sing,
God save Charles our King,
That now enjoys his own again.

At Deptford the Maidens they,
Stood all in white by the high-way ;
Their loyalty to Charles to show,
And with sweet Flowers his way to grow,
Each one wore a Ribbond blew,
They were of comely hue,
With Joy they did him entertain :
With acclamations to the Sky,
As the King passed by,
For now he enjoys his own again.

A Jovial Garland.

In Walworth field a gallant band,
Of London Prentices did stand,
All in white Doublets very gay,
To entertain King Charles that day:
With Musquet, Sword, and Pike,
I never saw the like,
Of such a loyal Warlike Train;
They up their hats did sing,
and cry'd God save the King,
Now he enjoys his own again.

At Newington-Buts the Lord Mayor will'd
A famous Booth for to be built,
Where King Charles did make a stand,
And receiv'd the Sword into his hand,
Which his Majesty did take,
And then returned back,
Unto the Mayor with love again,
a banquet they did make,
he doth thereof partake,
Then marched his triumphant train,

The King with all his Noble Men,
Through Southwark they marched then:
First marched Major General Brown,
Then Norwich Earl of great renown,
With many a gallant Knight,
and balliant men of might;
Richly arrayed, marching again;
the Lord Mordin General, and
the good Earl of Cleaveland,
To bring the King to his own again.

A Jovial Garland,

Near sixty flags and streamers then
Was born before a thousand men,
In Plush Coats, and Chains of Gold,
And were most rich for to behold :
With every man his page,
The Glozy of his Age,
With courage bold they march'd amain,
then with gladness they
brought the King on his way,
For to enjoy his own again.

Then Litchfield and brave Derbies Carls;
Two of fair Englands Royal Pearls :
Major General Masly then,
Commanded the Life-Guard of Men,
Our King for to defend,
If any should contend,
D^d seem his coming to restrain,
but all so joyful were,
that none durst then appear,
Now the King enjoys his own again.

Four rich Paces before them went,
And many Heralds well content,
The Lord Mayor and the General
Did march before the King withal :
His Brothers on each side,
Along by him did ride ;
The Southwark Waits did play amain,
Which made them all to smile,
And to stand still a while,
then they marched on again.

Then

A Jovial Garland.

Then with drawn Swords all men did ride,
And flourishing the same they cry'd,
Charles the second now God save,
That he his awful right may have;
And we all on him attend,
From dangers him to defend,
And all that with him do remain;
Blessed be God that we
Did live these days to see,
That the King enjoys his own again.

The Bells did loudly ring,
Bonfires did burn, and people sing,
London Conduits run with Wine,
And all men to King Charles incline:
Hoping now that all
Unto their Trades may fall,
Their Families to maintain;
and from wrongs be free,
cause we have liv'd to see
The King enjoy his own again.

S O N G LXII.

O f all the sports the World both field,
Give me a pack of Hounds in field,
Whose Echo sounds will through the Sky,
Makes Jove admire our Harmony:
And with that he a Mortal were,
To see the Pleasure we have here.

Some

A Jovial Garland.

Some do delight in Masks and Plays,
And in Diana's holy days;
Let Venus ad her chiefest skill,
If I dislike the Plays, my will,
And chuse such as will last,
And not to surfeit when I taste.

Then I will tell you of a Scent:
Where many a Hare was almost spent;
In Chodwell Close a Hare we found,
Which led us all a smoaking round,
O're Hedge and Ditch away she goes,
Admiring her approaching foes,
And when she found her strength to waste,
She parlied with the Hounds in haste.

The Hare.

You gentle Dogs forbear to kill,
A harmless beast that ne're did ill;
And if your Masters sport do craue,
I'll lead a Scent as they would have.

The Hounds.

Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haste we say, and get thee gone,
We'll give thee law for half a mile,
To see if thou canst us beguile:
But then expect a thundering cry,
Made by us and our company.

The

A Jovial Garland.

The Hare.

Then since you set my life so light,
I'll make Black lovely turn to White :
And Yorkshire Gray that runs at all,
I'll make him with he were in Stall;
And Sorrel he that seems to fly,
I'll make him sickly e're he dye.

Let Burham-Bay do what he can,
And Barton Gray which now and then,
Do strive to Winter up my way,
I'll neither make him sit nor play :
And constant Robin though he lye,
At his advantage, what care I.

But here Kit Bolton did me wrong,
As I was running all alone,
For with one pat he made me so,
That I went reeling to and fro :
When I dye your Masters tell,
That fool shall ring my passing Bell.

But if your Masters pardon me,
I'll lead them all to Trougabby,
Where constant Robin keeps a room,
To welcome all the Guests that come :
To Laugh and Quaff in Wine and Beer,
A full Carouze to their Career.

The Hounds.

Away, away, since 'tis our nature,
To kill thee and no other creature,

A Jovial Garland.

Our Masters they do want a bit,
And thou wilt well become the Spit :
They eat the flesh, we pick the bone,
Make haste we say, and get you gone.

The Hare.

Your Masters may abate the cheer,
My Meat is dry, and Butter dear,
Great Charges therefore they must be at,
Because in me there's little fat :
And little moisture I can give,
Therefore they had better let me live,

The Hounds.

Away, begone and do not stay,
But get thee quite out of the way,
For if we once begin to cry,
Our Masters they'll think presently,
That sure we have thee caught,
Then to the Spit thou must be brought.

The Hare.

If you do catch me, Oh then I fear,
My Body quickly you will tear :
The Huntsman he will soon me slay,
And on his back bear me away :
Unto his Master with all speed,
For to relieve their hungry need.

The

A Jovial Garland.

The Hounds.

If thou thy death dost mean to shun;
Make haste we say, and quickly run;
For if our Masters us command,
We must away then out of hand:
And follow our Game, if we the catch,
Then every Dog at thy breech wil snatch.

The Hare.

And if your Masters me do roast,
Who am but dy, 'twill not quiet cost;
And if they with me do make a friend,
They'd better gibe a Puddings end:
Besids, once dead, they sport will lack,
And I must hang on the Huntsmans back.

If that your Masters me do spare,
To run up and down i'th' open air,
And courling they may have I say,
But need not take my life away:
For if that I am of life bereft,
You hunting sport then must be left.

The Hounds.

Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree,
But all thy doubting shifts we fear,
Will not prevail, thy deaths so near:
Then make thy Will, it may be that
May save thee, else we know not what:

The

A Jovial Garland.

The Hares Will.

Then do I giue my body free,
Unto your Masters courtesie,
And if they'll spare till sport be scant,
I'll be their Game when they do want :
But when I'm dead each greedy Hound,
Will trail my Entrails on the ground.

The Hounds.

Where euer Dogs so basely crost,
Our Masters call us off so fast,
That we the Scent have almost lost,
And they themselves must lose the roast :
Wherefore kind Hare we pardon you,
And stand to what shall us ensue.

The Hare.

Kind Dogs I thank you for your love,
And I to you as kind will prove,
And you good Dogs that were so true,
I bid farewell, and so adieu :
And so conclude with trembling fear
A harmless creature, a silly Hare.

Cupids

Cupids Courtesie.

Through the cold shady woods,
as I was ranging,
I heard the pretty Birds
notes sweetly changing:
Down by the Meadows side
there runs a Riber,
A little Boy I spy'd
with Bow and Quiber.

Little Boy tell me why
thou art here diving?
Art thou some Run-away,
and hast no abiding?
I am no Run-a-way,
Venus my Mother,
She gave me leave to play
when I came hither.

Little Boy go with me
and be my servant,
I will take care to see
for thy preferment:
If I with thee should go
Venus would chide me,
And take away my Bow,
and never abide me.

Little Boy let me know
whats thy name termed,
That thou dost wear a Bow,
and go so armed:

A Iovial Garland.

You may perceiue the same
with often changing;
Cupid it is my name,
I lbe by ranging.

If Cupid be thy name
that shoot at Robers,
I habe heard of thy fame
by wounded Lovers:
Should any languish that
are set on fire
By such a naked Bat,
I much admire.

If thou dost but the least
at my Lawes grumble;
I'll pierce thy stubborn breast
and make thee humble:
If I with Golden Dart
wound thee but surely,
There's no Physitians art
that e're can cure thee.

Little Boy with thy bow,
why dost thou threaten,
It is not long ago
since thou wast beaten:
Thy wanton Mother, saie
Venus will chide thee;
When all thy Arrows are gone,
thou may'st go hide thee.

Of powerful shafts you see,
I am well storied,

Which

A Jovial Garland.

Which makes my Diet
so much adored:
With one poor Arrow now
I'll make thee shiver,
And bend unto my Bow,
and fear my Quiver.

Dear little Cupid be
courteous and kindly,
I know thou canst not see,
but shootest blindly:
Although thou call'st me blind,
surely I'll hit thee,
That thou shalt quickly find
I'll not forget thee.

Then little Cupid caught
his Bow so nimble,
And shot a fatal shaft,
which made him tremble:
So tell thy Mistress dear,
thou canst discover,
What all the passions are
of a dying Lover.

And now this gallant heart
lovely lies bleeding,
He felt the greatest smart
from Love proceeding:
He did her help implore,
whom he affected,
But found that more and more,
him she rejected.

A Jovial Garland.

For Cupid with his craft
quickly had chosen;
And with a Leaden shaft
her heart had frozen:
Which caus'd this Lover more
daily to languish,
And Cupid's aid implore,
to heal his anguish.

He humble pardon cras'd
for his offence past,
And vow'd himself a slave,
and to love steadfast:
His Prayers so ardent were,
whilst his heart panted,
That Cupid lent an ear,
and his suit granted.

For by his present plaint,
he was' regarded,
And his ador'd Saint,
his Love rewarded;
And now they live in joy,
sweetly embracing,
And left the little Wop
in the Woods chafing.

SONG LXIII.

The Maid of Totnam.

As I went to Totnam
Upon a Market day,

There

A Jovial Garland.

There met I with a faire Maid
Cloathed all in gray;
Her Journey was to London,
With Butter-milk and Whey,
To fall down down derry down,
Down down derry down,
Derry derry Dina.

God speed faire Maid, quoth one,
You are well overtook,
With that she cast her head aside,
And gave to him a look,
She was as full of Letterp,
As Letters in a Book,
To fall down, &c.

And as they walked together,
Even side by side,
The young-man was aware.
That her garter was untie'd;
For fear that she should lose it,
Ah, alack he cried,
O your garter that hangs down,
Down down derry, &c.

Quoth she I do intreat you,
For to take the pain,
To do so much for me,
As to tie it up again;
What will I do, sweet-heart, quoth he,
When I come on yonder plain,
With a down, &c.

A Jovial Garland.

And when they came upon the Plain,
upon a pleasant Green,

The fair Maid spread her Legs abroad,
the young-man fell between :

Such tying of a Garter,

I think was never seen :

To fall down, &c.

When they had done their business,

and quickly done, he deed,

He gave her kisses plenty,

and took her up with speed ;

But what they did I know not,

for they were both agreed,

To fall down together down, &c.

She made him low courtesies,

and thank him for his pains ;

The young-man is to High-gate gone,

the Maid to London came ;

To sell off her commodity,

she thought it was no shame ;

To fall down, &c.

When she had done her Market,

and all her money told,

To think upon the matter,

it made her heart full cold :

But that which will away, quoth he,

is very hard to hold :

To fall down, &c.

This tying of the garter,

Toll her her Maiden-head,

Quoth

A Jovial Garland.

Quoth she it is no matter,
It stood me in small stead;
For oftentimes it troubled me,
As I lay in my bed,
To fall down, &c.

S O N G LXIV.

The baseness of Whores.

TRust no more a Wanton Whore,
If thou lov'st health and freedom,
They are so base in every place,
It's pity that bread should feed 'um:
All their fence is impudence,
Which some call good conditions,
Stink they do, above ground too,
Of Surgeons and Physicians.

If you are nice, they have their Spice,
On which they'll chew to flout you,
And if you not discern the plot,
You have no nose about you.
Together more they have in store,
For which I deadly hate 'um,
Perfumed gear, to stuff each ear,
And for their cheeks Pomatum.

Liquorish nuts, they feast their guts,
At Chuff's cost, like Vintners,
Amber Blings, and Macaroons,
And costly Candid Quinces,

A Jovial Garland.

Potato Blums supports the Rump;
Eringo strengthens nature,
Alpret Wine to heat the Thine,
They'll gender with a Satyr.

Names they own, they are never known,
Throughout their Generation,
Noble men are kin to them,
At least by approbation:
If any dote on our Bay Coat,
But mark what there is stamp't on't.
A Stone-horse wild, with Tool defil'd,
Two Coats, a Lyon Rampant.

Truth to say, Paint and Array
Makes them so highly prized,
Yet not one well of ten can tell,
If ever they were baptized,
And if not then 'tis a blot,
Wast cure of Spunge or Leather,
And we may say question say,
Their Devil was their God-father.

Now to leave them, he receives them,
Whom they most confide in:
Whom that is, ask Tib or Sis,
Or any whom next you ride in;
If in sooth she speaks the truth,
She says excuse I pray you.
The beast you ride, where I confide,
Will in due time convey you.

SONG

SONG LXVI

The Changing Lover.

I Can love for an hour,
when I am at leisure,
He that loves half a day,
lives without measure :
Cupid come tell me,
what art hath thy Father,
To make me love one face
more than another :

Men to be thought more wise,
dally endeavour
To make the World believe
they can love ever ;
Ladies believe them not,
they will deceive you :
For when they have their wills,
then they will leave you.

Men cannot feast themselves
with your sweet features,
They love variety
of Charming creatures :
Too much of any thing
sets them a cooling,
Though they can do nothing,
yet they'll be fooling.

A Jovial Garland.

SONG LXVI.

Shitten come shite.

When young folk first began to love,
And undergo that tedious task,
It cuts and scours throughout the powers,
Much like a Running glass.

It is so full of sudden joys,
Proceeding from the heart,
So many tricks, and so many toys,
And all not worth a fart.

For Venus loved Vulcan,
Yet he would live with Mars,
If these be honest tricks my love,
Sweet love come kiss mine Arse.

If that which I have writ,
Be unmannerly of speech,
Yet when occasion serves to wit,
I will serve to wipe your breech.

Thus kindly and in courtesie,
These few lines I have written.
And now I love come kiss my Arse
For I am all besitten.

SONG LXVII.

Cuckolds all a row.

Not long ago, as all along
I lay upon my bed;

Twist

A Jovial Garland.

'Twixt sleeping and waking,
a roe come in my head,
Which caused me in mind to be,
my meaning for to show,
My skill and wit, and then I wote
Cuckolds all a Row.

My thought I heard a man and's wife,
as they together lay,
Being quite void of fear or strife,
he thus to him did say:
Quoth he, sweet heart if thou wilt sport,
my love to thee I'll show.
A pretty thing shall make thee sing,
Cuckolds all a Row.

Dear wife, quoth he to her again,
I'm sure thou dost but jest,
Although I am counted plain,
I am no common beast:
But every Woman is like to thee,
for ought that I do know,
And every man is like to me,
Cuckolds all a Row.

There's never a Lord nor Gentleman,
nor Citizen, nor Clown,
That lives within the City walls,
nor in the Country Town,
But they may carry abroad with them
horns, and we're them blow,
For Gallants are like other men,
Cuckolds all a Row.

The

A Jovial Garland.

The Country prating Lawyer,
that gets the Devil and all,
And pleadeth every term time
within Westminster-Hall :
May have his Wife in the Countrey,
for ought that I do know,
May let his Clients have a Fee,
Cuckolds all a row.

The Tradesmen of the City now,
that sells by weight and measure,
Perhaps may wear a horned brow,
for profit or for pleasure ;
Willst they do sell their wares,
that makes so brave a show,
Then Wives may play at in and in,
Cuckolds all a row.

The Parson of the Parish,
I hope shall not go free,
Willst he is in his study,
another man may be
A handling of his Wife perhaps,
and do the thing you know,
And make him wear his corner Cap,
Cuckolds all a row.

If any one offended be,
and think I do them wrong,
In naming of a Cuckold
in this my merry Song :
Let him subscribe his name to me,
and eke his dwelling shew,
And he and I shall soon agree,
like Cuckolds all a row.

SONG

A Jovial Garland.

SONG LXVIII.

The Drunkard.

POr take you Mistris, I'll be gone,
I have friends to wait upon;
Thinke you I'll my self confine
To your humours, Lady mine:
No your loving seems to say,
It is Raine Drinking day,
To the Tavern I'll away.

There have I a Mistris got,
Cloister'd in a Bottle-Pot;
Wise and sprightful as thine eye,
When thy richest glances fly:
Plump and bounding, lively fair,
Buxom, soft, and Debonair,
And she is called Sack, my dear.

Sack's my better Mistris far,
Sack my only Beauty star,
Whose rich beams and glorious rays
Twinkles in each Red Rose face:
Should I all her vertues sham,
Thou thy self would'st love-ack grow,
And she's a prove thy Mistris to.

She with no dart scorn will blasse me,
And upon the bed can caresse me,
Yet ne're blush her self to red,
Nor fear the loss of Maiden-head;
And she can, the truth to say,
Spirits into me convey,
More than thou canst take away.

Get

A Jovial Garland:

Getting kisses here's no toil,
Here's no canker thief of spoil;
Yet a better Nectar lip,
Then dwell upon thy lip,
And though mute and still she be,
Quicker wit she brings to me,
Then ever I should find in thee.

If I go ne'er think to see
Any more a fool of me,
I'll no liberty up give,
Nor a Maundlin life love-like live;
No, there's none shall win me to't,
'Tis not all thy smiles shall do't,
Nor thy Maiden head to boot.

Yet if thou'lt but take the pains,
Be good once again,
If one smile then call me back,
Thou shalt be that Lady Sack:
Faith but try and thou shalt see,
What a loving Soul I'll be,
When I am drunk with none but thee.

The Answer.

I Pray thee Drunkard get thee gone,
Thy Mistris Sack doth smell so strong;
Think you I intend to wed
A Sloven to besifs my Bed;
No, I'll ne'er hear men say,
You have been drinking all this day,
Go, be gone, away, away.

Where you have your Mistris Sack,
Which hath already spoil'd your back,
And

A Jovial Garland.

And methinks should be too hot,
To be Cloistred in a Pot;
Though you say she is so fair,
So lovely, and so debonaire,
She's of unt a yellow hair,

Sack's a Whore which burns like fire,
Sack consumes and is a dyer,
And her ways do only tend
To bring men unto their end:
Should I all her vices tell,
Her Robbing and her Swearing sell,
Thou wouldst damn her unto Hell.

Sack with no dire scoorns will blast thee,
But upon the Bed will cast thee;
And by that impudence doth show,
That no vertue she doth know;
For she will the truth to say,
Thy body in an hour decay,
More than I can in a day.

Though for kisses there's no toil,
Yet your Body she doth spoil,
Sipping Nectar, whilst you sit,
She doth quite belot your Wit:
Though she is mute, she'll make you loud,
Brawl and fight in every Croud,
When your reason she doth cloud.

For do thou ever look to see
Any more a knave from me,
I'll no liberty assign,
Which I truly may call mine:

No,

A Jovial Garland.

No, no sight shall win me to't,
'Tis not all thy parts can do't,
Thy Person, nor thy Land to boot.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain,
To be sober once again,
And but make much of my back,
I will be instead of Sack:
Faith but try, and you shall see
What a loving Soul I'll be,
When th'art drunk with none but me.

no
The End.

6/10/18

Black